

The Successful Failures of Team Aligan

by aapierce

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Summary: A collection of successes, failures and epic failures performed by Alias and Raddigan during matches of Halo: Reach. Rated T for language.

1. Dancing with Infected

****Disclaimer:** I do not own anything Halo. Not the people, the game play, the weapons or anything else. Alias and Raddigan are real players in this game, however their in-game names have been altered for privacy purposes.**

****This is the first of, I'm sure, many to come failures and successes...hopefully there will be more successes...****

* * *

><p>Alias' normally light steps were as heavy as her normally light breathing. She'd been running around this damn circle for what seemed like hours, narrowly avoiding the edges and tips of carefully wielded Energy Swords. Against the horde, she fought for her life as her teammate and leader, Raddigan, did the same. Every now and again they would spot each other across the map, but there was no time or opportunity to rendezvous and formulate a survival plan. The only time and energy they had was instantly spent on simply surviving without.<p>

Raddigan was finally able to stop and catch his breath. There seemed to be a break in the onslaught of zombies that had been attacking him from the start of all this mess. It seemed that only him, Alias and an unknown Spartan were left uninfected. Every once in a while, Alias' grunts would sound in his ear as her mic picked it up and transmitted it to his receiving earpiece. It had been quiet for a while now, though, and he was beginning to worry.

"You still with me, Alias?" he asked.

He felt relief as her tired voice pushed its way into his head. "I'm here, sir," she replied. "Across from you."

Raddigan looked up and spotted her teal armor glinting from the balcony across from him. She was with two others and seemed to be safe, though he couldn't understand why her and one of the survivors were running in circles around each other while the second merely watched.

He sighed inwardly. "Alias, this is no time for bullshit," he commanded. "You and your friend need to cut out whatever game you're playing and focus. It's life or death here, kid."

Alias' reply was all but a whine. "I'm not playing any game, sir. This asshole won't leave me alone. He keeps running behind me—honestly, it's a little weird."

Raddigan watched the trio when a strange white gleam caught his eye. Using his helmet to get a zoomed in visual of the man who kept trying to stand at his teammates back, his relief quickly melted away into panic. He looked to the other man that was standing still. Both of them were wielding Energy Swords.

"Alias," he all but yelled. "You're dancing with infected! Get the fuck out of there!"

He watched in horror as Alias turned around to see for herself instead of simply following orders. "Wha-," the word didn't have time to leave her mouth before the zombie embedded his blade into her torso. His teammate fell to the ground, lifeless, but it wouldn't be long before she returned with twice the energy he had and began hunting him. There was no time to grieve over his lost comrade, so instead, Raddigan turned heel and bolted from the scene—

2. Tungsten Down Under My Revenant

****Another horror story from the depths of Reach. Guest starring Tungsten...Tungsten...I'm so sorry.*cries*****

* * *

><p>Alias and Raddigan had just ended their very brief meeting and were splitting up to take on their enemy that seemed to be running in massive numbers. Like tiny red ants at a picnic, they appeared in the worst of places, wreaking havoc and dismay.<p>

At least they weren't alone today. They had with them a skilled man who had helped them on previous missions. As their temporary teammate, Tungsten, took off toward the enemy base, Raddigan took to the upper level to provide support from up high. Alias jumped into a Revenant and took off in the same direction as Tungsten.

It was mere seconds before Alias caught up to Tungsten. Due to previous events, his headset was offline and he couldn't hear any warnings or cautions provided by Raddigan or Alias. So she followed behind him as carefully as she could, trying not to splatter him before she could turn off down a different path.

Up top, Raddigan was shooting and pummeling his way through red

armored lingerers. He glanced down over the edge and spotted his two teammates moving slowly towards their destination. He held his breath as he saw how close Alias' bumper came to Tungsten's ass. He was familiar with Alias' inability to be careful and pay attention. When it came to finding cover to recharge her shields, Raddigan never had to worry about her, but when it came to "stepping" lightly and move in to where she was neededâ€¦well it was a different story.

She seemed to be doing okay this time, though. She was being extra careful and Tungsten had been able to exterminate the few enemies that crossed his path. Nonetheless, Raddigan wasn't comfortable with the situation and spoke into his mouthpiece. "Alias, turn left up ahead when you get a chance. You're cutting it too close."

Alias sighed. "I know, I know. That's what I'm waiting for. The guy doesn't exactly move fastâ€¦"

Shaking his head, Raddigan all but crawled onward, keeping an eye on his teammates when suddenly a sea of the red demons rounded the corner ahead, opening fire on the two. He watched as Tungsten tried to dodge the bullets and exit the line of fire by ducking into the corner at his rightâ€¦but there room in which to do so was insufficient.

"Watch it," Raddigan's voice screamed into Alias' left ear as Tungsten stopped in his spot and started to back up to avoid the gunfire. She attempted to hit the brakes and back up, but she wasn't quick enough. She jerked at the _thud_ that was created by Tungsten's body backing into, and falling under the Revenant. She held her breath and backed up, off of him.

Raddigan watched in horror as his one hope of succeeding disappeared under the Revenant. "Aliasâ€¦" he said in disbelief. "What did you just do?"

"I didn't do anything! _He_ backed his shit up into _m-_."

Alias didn't have time to finish her defense. Raddigan watched as she moved to ditch the vehicle, but before she could make it to safety, both the vehicle, and Alias, exploded into an orange, shiny fire.

3. Tungsten Repellent

Another failure, delivered to you from Alias. Sadly, it is once again at the expense of a beloved teammate. I'm so terribly sorry...but thanks for the writing material.

* * *

><p>"Okay, guys, let's do this," Vigilance's nonchalant voice pulsed through the headsets of his teammates.<p>

It was true that Alias and Raddigan often liked to work in their preferred number of two, but when it came to the big battles, they always sent in for more teammates. Today they were rejoined by Tungsten â€" who had seemingly forgiven Alias for recent events â€" and Vigilance, a comrade mutual to all three. They ran through the maze of walls gathering grenades and stronger weapons as well as

vehicles before they began their reign of terror against the Reds.

Tungsten mellowed to the sweet purr of his beloved Wraith as he showered his enemies with electric blue meteors. Alias - confident that she couldn't harm Tungsten while he was in a larger vehicle - saddled into a Revenant. Raddigan took to the upper level to weed out those who would shoot his comrades from above and Vigilance - well no one knows where he went or what he was doing. All that was known was that he was filling a silver platter with Red ass, kicked to a crispy goodness.

Silence rang loud through the communication lines as the Blues maintained a steady lead. Alias skillfully dodged explosions as she weaved through Tungsten's insanity, splattering anyone who had managed to survive his wrath. Caught up in the heat of the moment, Alias spotted a group of three Reds and charged them with her covenant vehicle. A sinister smirk curved her lips as she drew near and just as she reached them, one fell to the ground dead, but the other two ducked into armor lock with impeccable timing. There was no avoiding it. She crashed into the locks and the wall behind them, instantly exploding along with her Revenant.

Raddigan bore witness to the mess but said nothing, deciding that he, too, would have taken the opportunity to splatter three of them at once. Brushing off the incident, Raddigan peered through the scope on his DMR and took out an enemy on the lower level that was rushing an attempt to hijack Tungsten's Wraith.

Before he moved his face back from the scope, he spotted Alias flash back into existence as she respawned directly between the Wraith and the wall to its left. The upper half of her body twitched ever so slightly as the Wraith jerked forward while Tungsten proceeded to move in on the enemies. She sucked in a sharp breath that was audible through Raddigan's earpiece. "Tungsten you're gonna squish me, lemme out," she begged him with an uncharacteristic desperation.

The second the words left her mouth, the Wraith, with Tungsten still inside, shot forward as if thrown by some unseen force and exploded midflight. Through his scope, Raddigan watched Alias flee the scene, completely unscathed - except for a little lowering of her shields. The Wraith, however, lay in the distance, just as lifeless as Tungsten was among the wreckage.

* * *

><p>We HAVE watched the video clip for this and still cannot determine what actually caused the tragedy. Raddigan claims that the Halo universe just has a problem with the two being near each other... if this keeps up, I'll have to rename the entire story... I'm thinking "How NOT To Make Friends With Tungsten".

4. Brought to Justice

Finally a chapter where Alias doesn't destroy her own teammate...

* * *

><p>Alias took cover behind the large rock on the cliff that Vigilance had dropped her off on.<p>

Her and the self proclaimed Halo veteran were on a hunt for their friends, Raddigan and Tungsten. But this was no ordinary hunt as in normality, the prey doesn't shoot you back. Today was not about running and hiding in a hole somewhere; it was about speed and resource management. Today was a test of skill, patience and survival.

So here she sat, perched on her cliff, alone and admittedly terrified. As soon as she'd left the Falcon she'd made quick work of Raddigan, exterminating him with her U.N.S.C state issued sniper rifle. She'd gained a small amount of confidence from the kill, but it was quickly shattered as Tungsten lasered Vigilance and his Falcon right out of the sky, barely a heartbeat later. Tungsten's work was quick, clean and precise; a testimony of his skill.

That was enough to send a wave of fear through Alias' armor. She was alone on a cliff with only a rock to take cover behind and the only way down was to jump onto Minefield Beach, as she called it. But being alone up here while Tungsten was moving about freely trying to find her before she found him wasn't the most frightening part. Noâ€|the true fear came from knowing that Vigilance had been carrying a sniper rifleâ€|and knowing that Tungsten would have looted that particular object.

If there was anything she'd learned about Tungsten from the praise Raddigan and Vigilance dished out in his absence, it was that he was a damn good sniper; patient and efficient.

Alias zoomed in to view Paridiso Island through her scope. She spent what seemed like hours scanning the island from one side to the other and back againâ€|and againâ€|and again. She'd even strained her eyes to catch a glimpse of a shimmer that would suggest he was using camouflage. But no, she saw nothing. Not so much as a leaf, blown off its branch by the wind.

Her patience was running thin and she was tired of being afraid. Even though she hadn't been here for more than ten minutes, the terror ripping through her seemed to make time stop completely. Deciding that she would need to draw Tungsten's attention and force him out of where ever he was hiding â€" or lurking, as it seemed more his style â€" Alias set her rifle on the ground beside her and heaved the large rocket launcher up onto her shoulder. She steadied it as much as she could with her trembling hands then aimed at a random point on the island and fired. When nothing happened for several minutes, she fired again on the other side of the large rock mountain.

Still nothing.

Alias began to lower the rocket launcher, and as she did so, a gleam caught her eye from the corner of her visor. Turning her head to the right, she stared off into the distance at the grey armory where her journey had begun. All the vehicles still appeared to be there, so it was clear that her opponent was maintaining a low profile on purpose.

Sighing, and having no better ideas, she heaved the rocket launcher up once more and fired at her own base. She regretted this instantly

as only seconds passed after the distant explosion before something hot, small and hard pierced her left shoulder. She grunted, dropping the rocket launcher and reached for her rifle while trying to spot where the shot had come from. She'd only just grasped the gun in her gloved hand when a loud _tink_ signaled metallic contact with her helmet and the world around her went black.

* * *

><p>So Tungsten finally gets his revenge, Alias is "brought to justice" for her crimes (heh heh get it?) and maybe he can now forgive her and team Aligan can push forth and start being awesome...maybe...

End
file.